

DAME FORTUNE FAVORS TWO IMMIGRANT BOYS

Michael O'Connor and Robert Hughes, Sons of Erin, Now Roll in Wealth.

MONEY ACQUIRED BY DIFFERENT METHODS

Former Prosperers Through Speculation in Real Estate—Buys His Native Town—Latter Inherits a Million Dollars and Ancestral Castle in Ireland.

New York—Dame Fortune, that little being, has smiled on two men who came to America 13 years ago from the land of Shamrocks. Although both of these sons of Ireland, Michael O'Connor and Robert Hughes, are now rich, they obtained their wealth in ways that are greatly different. The stories of their careers and of the triumphs which recently crowned them, are the making of two as pretty and interesting romances as ever were conceived.

Before relating the story of Michael O'Connor it will be necessary to find out who he is. He is a native of the town of Lethin, in the county of Leitrim, where the O'Connors have lived since time immemorial. Lethin is on the banks of that much sung stream, the River Shannon, known as "Tom" Moore and immortalized in his songs. There, close upon its banks stand the ruins of the great old feudal castle which was once the seat of Michael O'Connor's illustrious ancestor, Richard O'Connor, the last king of Connaught, Prince of Bannagh. About the crumbling walls of the little town nestles closely. There is the white house of the village squire, the apothecary shop, the cobbler's shop, the wagon-maker's and the village forge. In the little white houses between dwell the villagers, descendants every one of them of Irish kings.

The ground floor of one of these dwellings contains a small store. The people of Lethin may buy anything in this small store from a pound of tea to a yard of ribbon or a pack of potatoes. The proprietor of the store is Michael O'Connor's father, today the most prosperous citizen in Lethin and the happiest and proudest man in all the green land of Ireland.

O'Connor comes to America. For the son, his first-born, the boy who 13 years ago set sail for the alien land of America, has made a fortune beyond the dreams of Lethin squire and like a fairy prince has brought back not only the castle of his long-departed ancestors, but the entire town of Lethin, his native place. Michael, the fair-haired, blue-eyed,

golden windfall from heaven, houses and lands and three million dollars in cash. A poor silk weaver, toiling all day long, and barely keeping the wolf from the door these many years past, Robert Hughes is to-day one of the landed proprietors of Belfast. For ten years he has lived with his little family in a plain little wooden house in the mill village of Lodi, near Paterson, N. J. In future he may if he wishes live in one of the finest mansions in the most aristocratic quarter of the Irish capital.

Until a few weeks ago Robert Hughes never dreamed that he would be other than a hard working silk weaver. The wildest dream he indulged in was that of an era which would know no strikes and lockouts among the silk mills in which he has been earning his livelihood ever since he arrived, which was just three weeks after Michael O'Connor, of Lethin, had stepped off the gang-plank. For Robert Hughes has suffered bitterly from the privations incident to the frequent labor troubles among the factories of Paterson.

Inherits Fortune from Relatives. Hughes' fortune he inherits from a distant relative, John Hughes, Esq., merchant of Belfast, recently dead, leaving a fortune of \$2,000,000 in cash and much valuable real estate in Belfast and the surrounding country.

Hughes is 28 years old, three years older than Michael O'Connor. He learned to weave silk in the factories of Belfast long before he left Ireland. He

thought I shall not go further than Paterson. There is a beautiful place, a white house in a green hill that looks down over the town, which I have always coveted. And now I have made up my mind I will buy that very house. No house in the world, not even the great mansion in Belfast which the letter tells me I now own, could mean the same to me as that white house on the hill overlooking Paterson. And now I will tell you why.

"In the mill where I used to work I could see that house all day long every time I looked up from my loom and allowed my eyes to wander across the floor toward the window. Paterson, or that region of the town where the mills are located, is, as you know, a black and ugly place, and this white house on the green hill always looked so beautiful and serene and peace giving.

"I always rested my eyes upon the green of that hill when they got tired following the pattern of the silk web. There is nothing like green to rest the eyes upon when they are tired, you know. I used to look at the hillside and at the white house, and I built castles in the air about what I would do and say and how I should feel if that white house and that green hillside were mine.

Dream Finally Realized. "And now, all of a sudden something has happened which makes it possible for me to live in a house much grander by far, and with green gardens much more beautiful, perhaps, than the hillside at Paterson. Or I could buy a much



more elegant house here. But I want neither. What I want is the house of my youth of dreaming and the green hill it stands upon. That is all my wife and I and my little girls want. We feel we can be happier there than in any other house in the world, and I believe we can."

"Yes, I am sure it is as my husband says," remarked Mrs. Hughes, who had been darning stockings while her husband talked. "I want the house on the hill. We are plain people. We have been plain people all our lives, and it would not be becoming for us to put on the airs of fine folk now that we have been lucky enough to inherit old Mr. Hughes' money and lands. Besides we should not be happy to depart too much from the way we have been used to living. The white house on the hill is just large enough, and if I lived there I am perfectly sure I could not be happier than I am here."

Pleased at Good News. "Don't think I am excited," said Robert Hughes, when interviewed by a reporter, "or puffed up with pride, for I am not. I am only happy to hear the good news. Do you blame me?"

"Think of it! Only the other day I was a poor man. To-day, well, to-day I am wealthy. How wealthy I do not know. I seem to be walking in a dream even yet. I get up in the morning and I eat my breakfast just like a man only half awake. I have to pinch myself when I hear the factory whistles calling me to work, and they too sound like they might be blown in a dream."

"Oh, yes. I still go to work every day. The habit of work is very strong, especially when one has worked all his life as I have done. Indeed, I do not know whether I shall ever be able to stop working, now that I have an opportunity to quit."

"Will I go back to Ireland to live? Not on your life. I would not take the whole city of Belfast, much as I love every stick and stone of the dear old place—I would not take it all as a precious gift and be obliged to live there the rest of my life and give up my American citizenship. I have toiled and suffered here, I married my wife here and my children were born here. I have helped to elect three presidents of the United States. I tell you I am mighty proud of being an American and I would rather forfeit all the money of John Hughes, of Belfast, than lose my right to that name."

"God has been good to me, and Uncle Sam has been good to me in spite of all my hard luck. America has stuck by me when I was down, and now that I am up I mean to stick to her. America was good enough for me to earn a living in, and I guess it's going to be good enough for me to spend my money in."

Will Buy Coveted Home. "Will I move to New York city? No, I won't. I don't like New York. I have been up there twice, and I don't like the place. I don't feel at home there. I'd rather stay right here in Lodi, even if it is barren and ugly, than to go up to that great, crooked, unfriendly city. No, I

stand the place."

Tactful Quaker. Some time ago there lived a gentleman of indolent habits who spent his time visiting among his friends. After wearing out his welcome in his own neighborhood he thought he would visit an old Quaker friend some 20 miles distant. On his arrival he was cordially received by the Quaker, who, thinking the visitor had taken much pains to come so far to see him, treated him with a great deal of attention and politeness for several days. As the visitor showed no signs of leaving, the Quaker became uneasy, but bore it with patience until the eighth day, when he said to him:

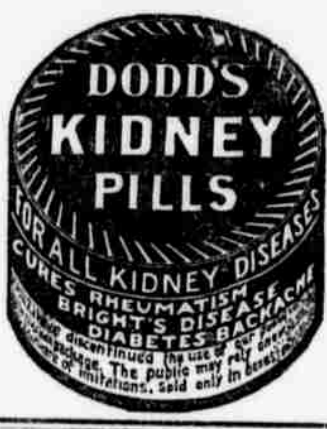
"My friend, I am afraid thee will never come again."

"O, yes, I shall," said the visitor. "I have enjoyed my visit much, and shall certainly come again."

"But," said the Quaker, "if thee will never leave, how can thee come again?"—London Black and White.

Remains. With trembling fingers the sorrowing father opened a small box which had just been left by the postman. When the lid was removed there lay revealed a boy's shoe, part of a cravat, a ring and a collar button.

"Aha!" sighed the grief-stricken old man, gazing on the fragments, "I always feared that Clarence couldn't stand the falling."—Judge.



Virtuous Citizen.
Mrs. Simpson—I thought you were coming home early to punish Willie for telling that lie?
Simpson—I was, but I had to stop at the city hall and swear off my taxes.—Life.

One of the Two Sures.
First Doctor—Have you noticed that the people who live in a mountainous country generally have good lungs?
Second Doctor—Yes. If they don't they die there—Philadelphia Inquirer.

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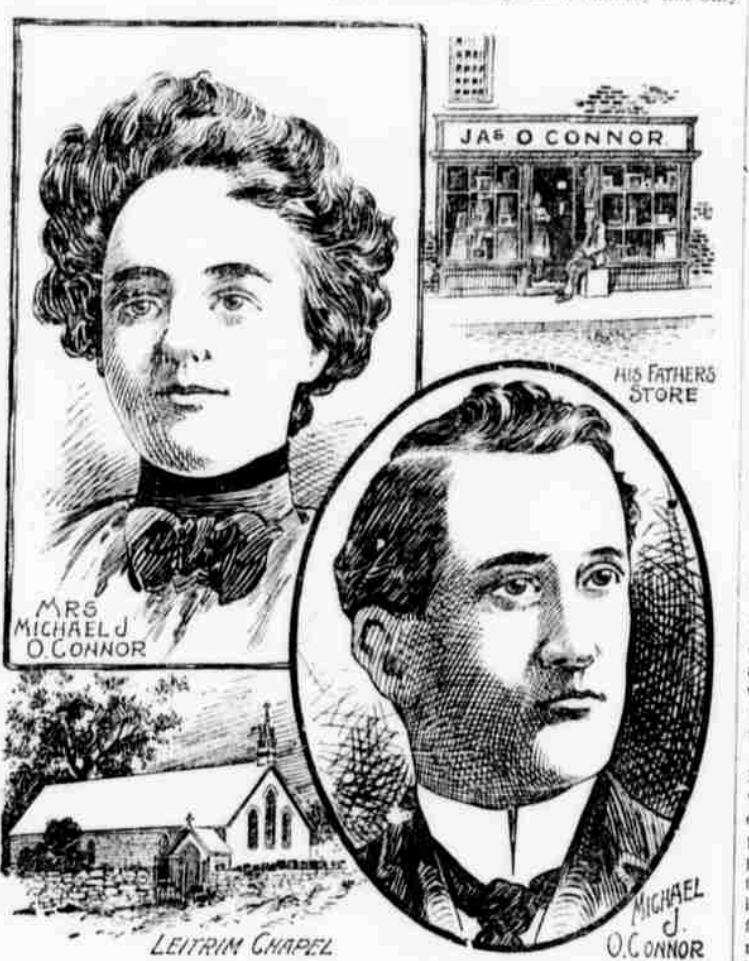
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Leithin Chapel. merry mouthed boy who sailed away 13 years ago, is master of the town and its castle to-day. He it is who owns the long village street, the forge, the apothecary shop, the cobbler shop. He it is, little Mike O'Connor, who owns the squire's white house, and the brown rectory, and all even the pretty little church and the chapel stands on Michael O'Connor's freehold ground.

Formal announcement of the purchase of the village was made recently in the Leitrim Observer, published at Carrick-on-the-Shannon, and the same issue contained a detailed story of Michael O'Connor's adventures in the land of his adoption.

Fortune Made Through Real Estate. Strangely enough, he did not make his fortune after the manner usually

adopted by heroes of romance. Heroes from time immemorial have won their millions by wresting it from the bowels of the earth, by clever manipulations of the stock market, by war and conquest. But who ever heard of a hero of romance who made his money in plain, prosaic real estate dealing?

That is what Michael O'Connor did, and it paid him vastly more in returns than more romantic money making might have. Penalties when he came here, he managed to secure a clerical position almost immediately upon his arrival. He was industrious and thrifty, and after several years he had managed to save up several hundred dollars, which he invested in a few lots in the Bronx. It was the luckiest thing he could have done. He sold them for more than double several years later, and re-invested his money in more real estate. Soon Michael O'Connor, from Leitrim town, was worth a hundred thousand dollars, then the road to wealth was easy.

When prosperity had claimed him for its own Mr. O'Connor's thoughts began to turn to Ireland, and one summer, some six or seven years ago, he journeyed back to Leitrim and married the girl of his boyhood love and brought her to America.